



THE GOAT

JULY, 1935

Vol. XIII. No. 3



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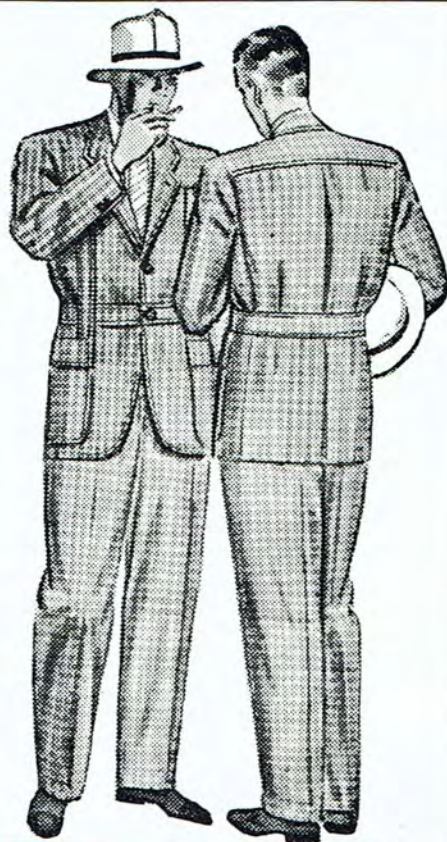
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"THE GOAT"

THE QUARTERLY
of the
ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS



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Vol. XIII

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No. 3

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HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.
Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By courtesy of Mayfair.



It is the hope of the Editorial Staff that the change in policy of the "Goat" from a monthly publication to a quarterly will meet with the approval of all our readers. The change has entailed a considerable amount of work and co-operation from all the good friends of the Regiment and we take this opportunity of thanking all those who have assisted in compiling notes for this first quarterly edition. And to our advertisers and subscribers we are greatly indebted; for it is their assistance that has really made the publication possible.

The endeavour of the "Goat" is to reach every R.C.D. Old Comrade and every good friend of the Regiment. And with this object in view, we hope to increase our subscription list so that we may be able to carry on and make our magazine a real credit to the Regiment.

To the Old Comrades who have news or suggestions to make, we ask them to please co-operate with the Editorial Staff by sending them in to the "Goat." To the Old Comrades who have neither news nor suggestions, we ask them to co-operate by sending in their subscriptions to their own Regimental Magazine.



TPT.-MAJOR GALLOWAY AND B 112
TPTR. HOBBS AND B 14

Personal & Regimental



We congratulate most heartily Major-General Sir James Howden MacBrien, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., p.s.c., on the occasion of his Knighthood in the King's Birthday Honours List.

General MacBrien was born at Port Hope, Ontario, and served in the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, and with the South African Constabulary during the South African War, during which he was awarded the Queen's Medal with five bars.

In 1906, he joined the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and was attached to the Australian Forces from 1908 to 1910, when he returned to Toronto, to take over the duties of Regimental Adjutant under Colonel (now Major-General) Victor Williams.

He went to the Staff College in 1912, and at the outbreak of the Great War joined the staff of the 1st Canadian Division, serving in France until the Armistice, and commanding a Brigade in the 4th Division. He was wounded, and was six times mentioned in despatches. His decorations include the C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour (France).

After the Armistice he served as Senior Canadian Commander in England under the War Office, and returned to Canada in 1919 as Chief of the General Staff which appointment he held until 1928. He is at present Chief Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and resides at Ottawa, Ontario.

* * *

ANNUAL C.O.'s DINNER

On Wednesday, April 10th, the annual dinner for the Commanding Officers of N.P.A.M. units in Toronto was held at the Officers' Mess, at Stanley Barracks. The guests were received by Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Brigadier W. H. P. Elkins, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Colonel C. H. Hill, D.S.O., represented District Headquarters, and the following Commanding Officers were present:

Colonel Mackenzie Waters, M.C., V.D.; Lt.-Col. W. W. Soden-Irwin, V.D.; Lt.-Col. J. H. Bennet, V.D.; Lt.-Col. H. A. Gzowski; Lt.-Col. A. E. Gooderham; Lt.-Col. F. H. Marani; Lt.-Col. J. P. Girvan, D.S.O., M.C., V.D.; Lt.-Col. G. M. Tod, V.D.; Lt.-Col. C. P. Fenwick, M.C.; Lt.-Col. J. D. Conover, M.C.; Lt.-Col. A. J. Everett, M.C., V.D.; Lt.-Col. A. E. Nash, M.C., and Lt.-Col. R. S. Thomson, V.D.

The following station officers were present: Major W. Baty, R.C.D.; Major K. M. Holloway, The R.C.R.; Major W. Neilson, D.S.O., The R.C.R.; Captain G. F. Berteau, R.C.D.; Capt. Stuart C. Bate, R.C.D.; Captain Poirier, M.M.; Lieut. A. P. Ardagh, R.C.D.; Lieut. H. A. Phillips, R.C.D.; Lieut. M. P. Bogert, The R.C.R.; Lieut. D. A. R. Bradshaw, R.C.D.; Lieut. J. W. H. T. Pope, The R.C.R., and Lieut. D. Fauquier, P.L.D.G.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to Sergt. J. Langley, on his appointment to the Instructional Cadre; to A/Sgt. P. Martin on his promotion to Sergeant (Provost), to A/Sgt. J. A. C. Watts on his promotion to Sergeant (Cook), and to L/Corpl. H. W. Price on his promotion to Acting Corporal.

* * *

We welcome to "B" Squadron the following recruits:—Troopers F. P. Briggs, W. J. N. Donovan, E. J. Reilley, and Boy. W. A. Robertson, and we also wish them every success, and express the hope that they will continue to keep up the good work displayed by them so far.

* * *

We regret to announce that Mrs. W. Baty, wife of the "B" Squadron Commander, met with a most unfortunate accident in an automobile, which resulted in her breaking a leg. However, as we go to press, it is gratifying to learn that she is making a good recovery, and expects to move over to Niagara shortly.

The C.O. has received a letter from Major-General Sir G. Howard-Vyse, whom many "Goat" readers will remember was G.S.O.1, Fifth Cavalry Division, and always a very good friend of the Dragoons. He received his Knighthood upon his return from Australia with the Duke of Gloucester. In this letter he says:

"The tour was a wonderful experience, and the loyalty and affection shown was a regular eye-opener. It would have been the same in Canada, of course. I wish we could have included Canada in our tour as well, so that I could have seen my many Canadian Cavalry Brigade friends. Weedon is going strong, I suppose you know that Geoffrey Brooks has gone to India—Major-General, Cavalry."

* * *

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh has been attending a M.T. Course at Tête du Pont Barracks, Kingston, Ontario. For a while, at least, he has forsaken his well-known mounts of horse show ring fame, Mike and Belfast Mary, for a new Ford V8, Armoured Car which he has been testing. As we go to press, he has taken his A.C. with him to Petewawa Camp, where he is putting it through its final tests. He is expected to leave for England in the fall, to take a further course in Armoured Cars and we all hope he will have great success in this new endeavour. The "Goat" joins all ranks in wishing him "Bon Voyage."

* * *

Lieut. D. Fauquier, P.L.D.G., is attached at present to the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Hailing from the Capital City, he has already been with us for a matter of several months, and took the 1st Troop on the line of march from Toronto to Niagara Camp during which movement he proved himself an efficient Troop Leader. At the present time he is attached to 3rd Troop under Lieut. J. D. B. Smith, and we hope that his stay with us will be, for him, a pleasant one.

* * *

Many of the Barracks personnel attended the showing of "The Queen's Husband," which was presented by the Theatre Arts Group of Toronto, at the Margaret Eaton Hall. The entire proceeds of the sale of tickets were in aid of the St. John's (Garrison) Medical Mission and Social

Service, and the play was under the distinguished patronage of His Honour Colonel H. A. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mrs. Bruce.

The cost of the Hall and the costumes were donated by private individuals, and as an added attraction the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment, by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel M. K. Greene, Commanding, provided the music, under the direction of Captain L. K. Harrison, L.R.A.M.

The presentation of the play was made possible through the untiring efforts of Lt.-Col. T. C. Evans, M.C., who worked night and day in order to complete the final arrangements.

* * *

1. We offer congratulations to the following personnel of "A" Sqn. on their recent promotions and appointments:

Cpl. W. Jewkes, to Sergeant.

L. Cpl. J. F. Watson, to Corporal (ORC).

L. Cpl. V. W. Jewkes, to Corporal.

L. Cpls. (unpaid) F. G. Hayes and T. J. Gell, Lance-Corporals with pay.

2. We welcome to our midst Tpr. A. E. Thompson, who enlisted in June.

3. We bid au revoir to Tpr. J. Wendon, who purchased his discharge in May to enter the cruel cold world as a civilian. Good luck.

4. L/Cpl. J. McKenzie is on convalescent leave for a few months. We trust that he will be up to his usual form on his return.

5. Tpr. J. Ross spent a few weeks in our local Hospital as a result of a nasty spill during limber training for the Machine Gun Central Camp, but with a cavalryman's usual luck he got off with a few fractures. We are glad to report that he is out, and around again, apparently none the worse for the accident.

6. L. Cpl. A. Fournier, our genial Officers' Mess Steward, spent a few days in Montreal General Hospital undergoing a few minor repairs on his nose to improve his already handsome countenance. We are pleased to state that he is around again.

7. The following personnel of "A" Sqn. proceeded to Connaught Ranges this month in connection with the Machine Gun Central Camp:

Capt. J. Wood.

Q.M.S.I. E. J. Manning.

S/Sgt. J. Britt.

L/Cpl. G. d'Orsornens.

Tpr. W. J. Doherty.

Tpr. V. A. S. Dawkes, M.M.

Tpr. G. C. Moss.

* * *

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. John L. Smuck, to whom was born a son. John immediately made enquiries as to a vacancy for a recruit in the Regiment, so it looks as if the youngster is a real chip off the old block.

* * *

We regret to report the death in Hamilton, Ont., of Mr. W. Coleman, Sr., who died suddenly while at work on June 1st. To his son "Bill" Coleman, late of "B" Squadron, we extend our sympathy.

* * *

We received a letter from H. G. Munro (late L. Cpl., "B" and "A" Squadrons, who is at present serving in the Princess Pats, at Winnipeg. He is doing very well out in the West, and asks to be remembered to all his many friends both in Toronto and in St. Johns.

* * *

CANADIAN CORPS COMMANDER DIES IN ENGLAND

The death of Viscount Byng of Vimy at his home in England will be learned of with profound regret in this country. The Canadians who served under him for a portion of the Great War had the best opportunity to find out his admirable qualities of head and heart. They were unanimous in their devotion to their commander. His contact with the Canadian Corps seemed to free him from some of the traditional trammels which surround professional soldiers and to encourage his innate ability. Born of an aristocratic family, and having served for many years in aristocratic British cavalry corps he nevertheless took to Canadian soldiers, drawn shortly before from all walks of life, as soon as he realized their motives and their capabilities.

It is conceded that he made the Canadian Corps equal to the finest fighting formations in Europe, and he was immensely proud of it. Later he said that the proudest moment of his life was when he stood on Vimy Ridge, captured in the corps' first unified effort. That pride was mutual for the troops were equally attached to their Commander. Lord Byng was a strict disciplinarian, a stern one if necessary. But he looked carefully to the welfare of his men who preserved the memory of a friendly remark or an encouraging smile. Under these conditions his own talents seemed to develop. His plan of a mass tank attack had not the results expected at Cambrai, but that was not entirely his fault. Lord Byng was a great man and a great soldier, and in after years a great citizen and a popular Canadian Governor-General of whom the Empire was proud.

(Extract from *Mail and Empire*, Toronto, Ont.)

ROYAL TOURNAMENT, 1935

In this Jubilee year everything in London of spectacular appeal is being done upon a scale approaching the superlative, and I therefore accepted Captain W. A. Byrne's usual kind invitation to view the Royal Tournament at Olympia with, perhaps a greater expectancy than usual.

Nor was I disappointed, for "superlative" is surely the only term which aptly described in one word the splendid programme provided by the Services at their ever-popular gathering in Kensington this year.

A note of originality has been struck in one or two turns, as, for instance, in the Physical Training Display, which is carried out by a combination of P.T. instructors from the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. The added touch of colour thrown on this turn by the Blue, Red and Grey stockings and trimmings of the singlets of the respective detachments, served to emphasize the amazing rhythm and precision of each of the exercises they performed without pause or hitch throughout a long and intricate performance.

The Inter-Port Field Gun Competition, too, had its novelty this year, in the fact that one of the competing teams was composed of Stokers of the Royal Navy, who opposed successfully too, be it noted, a Team of Able Seamen from

Portsmouth. The time put up by these merry men was 4 minutes 29-3/5th seconds against the 5 minutes 3-4/5th seconds of their rivals. This was a very popular win, but methinks that the Knights of the Shovel have reason to thank a rather bad tangle in a wire rope belonging to the sailor's team for the marked difference in time.

In the Tug-of-War (110 Stone) Naval Championship Final, the Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport, beat H.M.S. *Torrid* in two pulls, times being: First Pull, 56-1/5 seconds.; Second Pull, 1 min. 32-4/5th seconds. *Torrids* never looked like the winners of this event and the whole pull was one of the easiest I have ever seen.

The Officers' Jumping Competition, which consisted of a heat of the Prince of Wales' Cup, shewed some very good and clever riding of what struck me as being a difficult lot of horses, and it also looked as though one of the jumps could have been better placed than it was. The lowest number of faults scored was 5 and this was achieved by two horses out of an entry of seven, I think.

A bridging display by the Royal Engineers put on by four separate sections, shewed the very large house that celerity and the ability to "jump to it" play a leading part in the training of this exceedingly technical Corps, and the rapidity and efficiency with which they bridged the "rivers" and unbridged them, impressed the spectators to a surprising degree, judging from the applause which their turn elicited.

The Trick Riding Display by the 7th (Q.O.) Hussars may, I think, be best summed up by saying that they left nothing undone that can be done from, on, or around the various parts of the anatomy of a horse. Their riding was of a very high order, and their comedy turns provoked much mirth amongst an audience thoroughly "blasé" to humour of all sorts.

The display by boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School will live long in the memory of those privileged to see them at this year's Tournament, and these youngsters provide the strongest argument in favour of the somewhat extravagant claims sometimes made for the strength of heredity that I have ever seen. In charge of a Drum Major whose height complete with bearskin cannot be above four feet two, and who must be at least ten years of age,

and whose word of command is a delight to hear, this band of 120 lads put on a performance, which for colour, martial music and precise movement, taking into consideration their ages, would be hard to equal the world over. A tour of the Empire by these lads should finance the work of this wonderful Institute for ever. The rounds of cheering which greeted their march out testified to the tremendous hit they had made, and, believe me, every single cheer was well deserved by these boys, who made the heart of every old soldier in the audience beat faster.

Habitues of the Royal Tournament have, by now, become accustomed to looking for a good turn from the Royal Corps of Signals, and this year proved no exception to the rule. Quite apart from its value in originality and interest their turn provides a striking example of what can be attained in training the Horse not only to become used to that most frightening of all forms of modern transport, the motor cycle, but to actually enjoy working in such strange company. And the sight of horses and riders going over jumps alongside a bright, roaring glistening contraption, which would have given a Victorian steed heart disease, makes one realize the amount of care and attention evidently spent to bring about such happy and spectacular results. Take it from me, too, that the riders of those machines are not confined to the saddle in their manoeuvres around the ring. Should they feel like a little spot of acrobatics with the cycle going at full speed they think nothing of disporting themselves on the handle bars, or being draped gracefully over either wheel, whilst a common sight was that of two cycles, supporting a trapeze careening around with a third Signaller doing all sorts of turns and tumbles on the top of the trapeze. I suppose a roughrider's course in the Royal Corps of Signals includes both steeds, horse and cycle. Personally I think that no one of a placid disposition should join this distinguished Corps.

A display by the massed Drums and Fifes of the 167th Infantry Brigade, Territorial Army, provided lots of excellent music of its class, and I think that everyone was pleased to see the "Terriers" so ably represented by these Fusilier bands in all the glory of Review Order. This show should have a marked effect upon the recruiting returns of the battalions concerned in this very pleasing performance, which was not far short of the Regular Army standard.

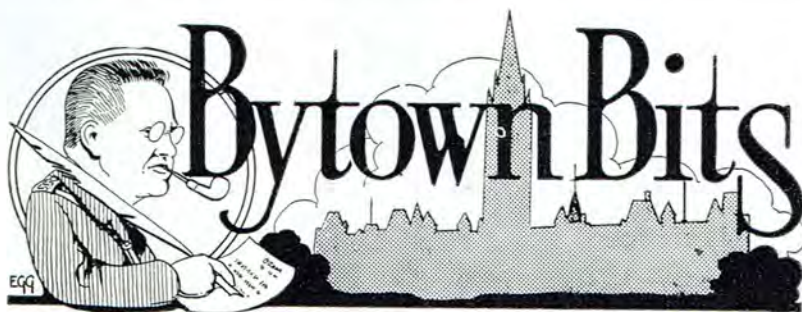
The Musical Drive by "F" (Sphinx) Battery Royal Horse Artillery, was up to their usual standard as far as pace and riding were concerned and as ever they well deserved the rounds of cheers with which they were greeted.

The 9th Queens Royal Lancers found the Musical Ride and a better lot of troops never graced the arena at Olympia. The whole ride was done at the gallop. A series of striking figures brought them into the correct formation half way through the ride, and their trumpeters, stationed with the Drum Horse at the end of the Arena, sounded the "Lance Exercise," which was performed with cool and deliberate motions, and with perfectly standing horses. Then off again at the "Gallop" through more intricate Stars, Gates, Ladies' Chain and so forth, right up to a most graceful salute to the Royal Box, which consisted of horses reining back and a beautifully timed lowering of lances, which, if memory serves me right, we of the R.C.D. did some years ago in Montreal. I have never seen

a better ride than this one, neither have I seen any ride better turned out. Everything regimental, and the old Review Order complete to cross belts and sheepskins, this turn was as great a credit to the 9th Lancers as it was a delight to any of the "old boys" present with memories of what soldiering was like before the requirements of modern warfare sounded the knell of much of the smartness and glamour of a cavalryman's service. Once more I say to the present generations of R.C.D.'s: "*Come over and see if you can beat that.*" C.O.'s please note.

A combined display by H.M.S. Excellent and the 2nd Battalion, The Queens Royal Regiment (West Surrey), the theme of which is the co-operation of the Services, and which is most pleasingly presented, brings to a close what is, in my opinion, the most successful Royal Tournament in recent years, one well worthy of Jubilee Year, and shewing a full programme which will be very hard to beat in future years.

F. J. DEE.



KING'S BIRTHDAY.—The celebration of the birthday of His Majesty the King was duly observed at Ottawa. The 2nd Battery C.F.A. fired a royal salute at noon and in the afternoon His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Bessborough held a garden party at Government House. A large number attended as this is the final official party during the present regime.

WENT TO MONTREAL.—The Governor-General's Foot Guards under Lieut.-Colonel G. C. Chrysler, M.C., A.D.C., spent the week-end over the King's birthday at Montreal, the guests of the Canadian Grenadier Guards. Whilst there they went through the time-honoured ceremony of Trooping the Colour.

TO VISIT OTTAWA.—The Princess of Wales' Own Regiment of Kingston will visit Ottawa on Dominion Day. They will be under command of Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Waddell.

THE HONOURS LIST.—It is safe to say that the most popular honor bestowed by His Majesty in commemoration of his birthday was the one given to Major-General Sir James H. MacBrien, Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. During his long residence here Sir James has endeared himself to all ranks of the Ottawa garrison, past and present, and many were the expressions of approval when the news was made public.

LEAVES SERVICE.—The appointment of Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton to the National Research Council is one that has been expected for some time in official circles. Major-General McNaughton takes over his new duties at once and is succeeded by Major-General E. C. Ashton, C.M.G., formerly in command at Esquimalt.

BYNG OF VIMY.—It is safe to say that the passing of General The Viscount Byng of Vimy caused more genuine grief in Ottawa than in any other part of Canada. During his term as

Governor-General of Canada he was in constant touch with all units of the garrison and on many occasions visited the various messes and took an active interest in all their doings. He was a personal friend of the commanding officers and was always interested in everything pertaining to the units. In them he saw the perpetuation of the old Canadian Corps that he loved so much. The officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards had more than an unusual affection for him. It was at his suggestion that the unit became allied with the 10th Royal Hussars, of which he was Colonel-in-Chief, and which will always be a link with his memory. Major-General Sir James MacBrien was then Chief-of-Staff at headquarters and he intimated to him that he would like to see the merger consummated. All feel that in his passing the Canadian militia has lost one who ever had its interest at heart.

HELD MEMORIAL.—Attended by high officials of the army and state and a large number of citizens, a memorial service for the late Viscount Byng of Vimy was held in the Capitol Theatre in Ottawa on Sunday, June 9th. Mr. A. F. Lascelles represented His Excellency the Governor-General, who was unable to attend owing to illness and The Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, the Right Honourable Sir Robert L. Borden and the Right Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King represented the parliament of Canada. The services were represented by Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, Sir James MacBrien, and Commodore P. W. Nelles. Three army chaplains, Major C. G. Hepburn, M.C.; Major the Rev. W. W. McNairn, and Capt. the Rev. J. Logan-Vencta, conducted the service. An address was given by Brig.-Gen. Alex. Ross, president of the Canadian Legion, and the music was provided by the band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, under Captain J. T. Brown. The last post was sounded by Bugle-Major Day, the 38th Cameron Highlanders of Canada.

THE JUBILEE

The scenes in London during the Jubilee celebrations of this month will live as long in the memory of those privileged to witness them as their memory will live. And with good reason, for it was all undeniably wonderful to see, as it were, this modern Britain of ours slipping back to the joyous abandon of somewhere about the sixteenth century. The people were more than jubilant and the police more than tolerant, and this happy combination served to further the air of a complete overthrow of restrictions that was such an outstanding feature of the general spirit.

The progress of Their Majesties to St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service of the 6th of May was truly Royal in every sense of the word. Right royal they looked, right royally were they greeted and right royal was the sunshine. Amazingly fit and well did His Majesty appear to be, and just as amazingly beautiful was Her Majesty. I am sure that they were proud of their people, and one could sense how proud their people were of them. On that day Britishers were proud of their lineage, and foreigners were envious.

Before the great procession there were those of the Princes' to see, and these were preceded by that of the Prime Minister and the visiting Premiers of the Dominions. Empire solidarity was made very apparent when, headed by our own Ramsay, looking very grand in the uniform of the Trinity House Brethren, the leading statesmen from all over the British hierarchy of Nations drove slowly through the cheering crowds, thousands of whom had been lining the route since the previous night.

An escort of Life Guards heralded the approach of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accompanied by H.M. the Queen of Norway. He of course received the roar of cheers which his presence always elicits from any gathering, and the crowd did not forget that the noble lady who accompanied him is an English princess.

The Duke of York and his ever-smiling Duchess, with their radiant and much-loved children, the Princess Royal with her soldier husband the Earl of Harewood, sitting opposite the healthy and obviously delighted young Lascelles, and lastly the Duke of Kent and his beautiful bride, all were acclaimed with such

cheers as have not been heard in London since the War cloud-burst, which wrought such havoc as the people of the Old Country are only just recovering from. And this day was, I think, the outward and visible sign of that wonderful recovery—this rejoicing for twenty-five years of a reign which will for ever stand out all down the world's history as an epoch in the tale of a King's unselfish and tried-to-the-limit determination to work for His people whatever befall.

At long last, and just as it seemed that the tremendous pressure upon my detachment of Special Constabulary, who with linked arms and aching backs strained against the crowd at Hamilton Place, would overcome them, the day's great moment arrived with the sight of the leading files of Their Majesties' escort. And such an escort as London has not seen for many years. Strikingly reminiscent of the "good old days"—the security of the Victorian era, or the spaciousness and grandeur of King Edward's reign—came back to mind again as Hussars, Dragoons, Lancers and Horse Artillery in all the glory of Review Order trotted slowly past the line of vision, and proceeded at a stately parade trot along the sanded and beflagged route towards Piccadilly Circus. Mounted police and scarlet-clad outriders and then—then the King and Queen.

I have seen the progress of many royalties and reigning sovereigns through London, I am innured to glittering escorts and all the pomp and panoply of state occasions. Vast crowds no longer either greatly depress or cheer me up, but on this occasion the trembling thrill of a wonderful feeling caught hold and ran throughout that assembly of millions like a prairie fire. It was inescapable. The multitude shouted itself hoarse, and the wealthy from the balconies of great houses, were as vociferous as the working man and his wife who had stood all night to see, and give voice to their genuine delight and love for their Majesties.

They passed by Royal and smiling, and obviously happy at the wealth of the affection for themselves which inspired such a tremendous reception. They left in their wake thousands upon thousands of thoroughly happy people, who although the high spot of the day's festivities had been reached, now departed to see the sights of London "en fête."

Looking back over the morning of Jubilee Day I can recall many incidents, some amusing and some pathetic. For instance, not long before the processions were due to arrive at my particular post of duty, a man ran out from the crowd, and escaping for a moment the vigilance of a nearby constable, shinned up the tall electric standard in the middle of the road. The cheers of the crowd urged him on despite the shouted orders of the police to descend, and arrived at the top he calmly unslung a camera and proceeded to take photographs from this vantage point. Some time elapsed and then the crowd cheered the arrival of the fire-men who proceeded to erect ladders to bring about this hero's capture. This was greeted by the quarry putting new plates in his camera to take the pictures of the firemen working beneath him, and during their ascent to him. As the man deputed to make the ascent reached him, our friend raised his hat with much gravity to the hurraing multitudes, and quietly eluding the grasp of his would-be captor slid in a most capable manner to the ground, where he met a reception committee composed of a Police Inspector and a Sergeant. Whether they confiscated his pictures or not I do not know, but as my own duty became more urgent, the last I saw of him and the police officers they were engaging in a most amicable conversation. Indeed I got the impression that the Police were congratulating him upon his initiative and resource.

Close in front of me in the crowd was a young lady who had stood all night there to see Their Majesties. She saw all the preceding processions but about five minutes before the Sovereigns' procession was due, she suddenly asked me to get her out of the crowd, and at once fainted into my arms. Two of the St. John Ambulance Brigade relieved me of my fair burden as soon as I got her through the line of police and troops; and incidentally no account of the Jubilee celebrations would be complete without a tribute to the really magnificent work performed by this splendid corps of men and women. Of the Special Constabulary, it would of course be out of place for me to speak, but I'll tell you this, in strict confidence, they did marvellous work and I think that both regular police and the public were glad of the services of the volunteer police that day and throughout the following ceremonies in connection with the Jubilee.

Two Dutch ladies had come over specially for the Jubilee and had also stood at the corner of Hamilton Place and Piccadilly all night to see the show. I am glad to say that they both survived the ordeal and were kind enough to express their thanks to two of my men for the help which they had afforded them since they had taken up their posts.

At the height of the crush, when it seemed as though the crowd must break through the police cordon, a dear old gentleman came up to me and said: "Inspector, do you think you could get me through. I have a seat in that window up there." I looked at him and then at the surging mass and said "Do YOU think I could, sir." He smiled and sighed, agreed as to the impossibility of what he was asking, and faded away. I should think it highly problematical that that old gentleman ever saw the seat for which he no doubt had paid a nice price.

Well, after the last cheer had been given for the last horse, we of the Constabulary who had been on duty since 7.30 a.m. left matters in the capable hands of the regular Police and departed for a well-earned rest until 7.30 p.m., when we paraded again at our respective Divisional Headquarters to assist in the evening's festivities. Festivities is the right word, too. London went really gay. The chief buildings were floodlit, and never in my life have I seen anything so ethereally beautiful as the old War Office Building on Horse Guards Parade. Bathed in a soft blue light, standing out of the gloom of the wide expanse of the parade ground, this wonderful old world pile looked as though it were not of this universe at all, but something super-natural which had been unveiled there by fairy hands to honour the King-Emperor.

The Mall with Buckingham Palace in the distance was a sight for the millions of eyes which feasted on it during that night and the week which followed, for the flood lighting was kept up for the full seven days.

The main thoroughfares were illuminated and of course decorated, and many of the clubs in Pall Mall had huge flares, gas fed, flaming over their balconies.

All traffic was suspended throughout the West End except at certain junctures, and these were handled in a new way by having police cars

fitted with loud speakers carrying the, at times, persuasive voice of a constable, who when occasion prompted had no compunction in putting a drill sergeant tone into his "Stand back for traffic, please," or "Now come along the pedestrians, please, lose no time, thank you." And so the throngs would pass over or remain halted for the vehicles.

Milling up and down the West End, the same old West End that you and I knew during the War years, teemed London's happy thousands. Jollity and fun smiled out of the eyes of every man and his wife, or every boy and his girl. I leant down to answer a question and got charmingly kissed by a merry young lady who at once turned to her escort and said: "There, I told you I dared to," and I straightened up to meet the astonished gaze of my senior Inspector, in time to see another of the fair sex empty a whole bag of confetti over his staff cap. It was like a huge party, with everyone friends, all singing and dancing, and no hooliganism or drunkenness. Just London out to have a good time.

As the night wore on the dance bands of some of the leading restaurants came out on to the balconies, and in one or two cases to the pavements, with the conductor standing on a chair in the main entrance and rendered a short programme of popular tunes, not syncopated stuff but good old time selections, and soon the crowds surrounding them were revelling in "Annie Laurie," "Swanee River," "John Peel," etc., swinging at last into "God Save the King" and it brought lumps to the throat to hear his people pay such heartfelt tribute to His Majesty as they did when they followed the orchestras through all three verses. And the cheers for the King and the whole Royal Family concluded these little impromptu concerts. It was good to be in London to see and hear this.

Typical of the happenings, grave and gay, is the fact that at the height of the rejoicings we had to literally fight a way to the tube station for the ambulance to bring out a poor girl who had got seriously injured in the crowds there, but we had no trouble to make a way for the stretcher party, once we had got her on the stretcher. Later on that evening I lent a woman who had lost her daughter in the crowds, half a crown, the said daughter having the purse with the family finances in it, also the return half of the tickets

for herself and little boy. We exchanged addresses, and despite the pessimism of a brother officer of mine who had "heard that one before," that money was returned to me by the following evening with a charming letter of thanks.

That night was only the forerunner of a whole week of such wonderful evenings, and London has not as I write, lost its Jubilee spirit. His Majesty goes for another of his weekly drives tomorrow accompanied by his gracious Consort, and the Mayors of the Boroughs in the immediate district will be presented to their Leige Lord. And the kiddies will really see the King and Queen surrounded by their high officers of state, just like things used to happen centuries ago.

I would have given much had there been representatives of the Dominion troops over here for this time of Jubilee, for it most surely was an occasion sufficiently worthy of their presence and I am sure that throughout the British Empire there would have been no smarter detachment than that provided by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, or none more hearty and sincere than both old and serving members in voicing the loyal and earnest sentiment:

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

F. J. DEE.

THE MARCH TO NIAGARA CAMP

On Monday, June 3rd, R.H.Q., under Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., and "B" Squadron, under Major W. Baty started on their annual trek to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, for their annual Camp, some eighty horses and one hundred men making up the total strength.

Leaving Stanley Barracks at 0800 hrs. on the 3rd June, and with Oakville as their destination for the first day's march, the Dragoons moved along the Lake Shore Road, with the pace being controlled by the traffic conditions encountered until reaching the city limits. A travelling speed of 5.33 miles per hour was aimed at and was maintained on the first day's march and throughout the entire movement. A ten-minute halt was observed at ten minutes to the hour on every hour, and the first halt for watering took place at the Credit River. Moving on from there, "B" Squadron arrived at the Hugh Wilson Farm at Oakville, which was the bivouac allotted

for the night, at 1220 hours. In a short time the horses were all off-saddled, watered and fed, and the men were free to look after themselves until 1500 hours. The Messes which had moved on by mechanical transportation, were ready with a meal by 1300 hours, and before Stables was sounded, every man had his bivouac ready for the night. RHQ. arrived about an hour behind the Squadron, and they in turn were followed by the Regimental Transport a short time later. The men were dismissed from Stables at 1630 hours, with Reveille being set for 0500 hours the following day. During the afternoon horse No. "B" 8 injured itself severely when it jumped on to a four-foot post to which it was tied, and suffered a severe wound in the abdomen. However, Lt.-Col. T. C. Evans, M.C., the D.V.O., arrived almost at the same time that the injury occurred, and the horse was shipped to Toronto soon afterwards. During the evening small parties visited the town of Oakville, attending the local theatre or "doing the rounds" at the local hotels. About 2200 hours there occurred a heavy downpour of rain, forcing everyone to move into the stables. However, by Reveille the next morning, the weather was again fine, and after early morning Stable, the Squadron turned out at 0700 hours.

The second day's march was from Oakville to Winona, with a watering halt at Burlington. Up to the time of reaching Burlington, the Troops had been fortunate enough to be able to keep off the Highway, and consequently the riding was easy on both man and horse. Arriving at Burlington, the horses were watered at the lake shore, and the Squadron moved on again at 1015 hours, with Captain G. F. Berteau, 2nd in Command, setting the pace. The ride made excellent time, arriving at the E. D. Smith Farm at Winona at 1215 hours, travelling some 13 miles in two hours, including halts on the hour as usual. Here, the horses were stabled in a large shed, where it was not possible to allow much interval between horses. However, a detail of 1 stableman per troop kept the injuries down to the minimum. The same routine was enforced as at Oakville on the previous day, and work was completed at 1640 hours.

The men were bivouaced in the Armouries of the Wentworth Regiment, and although the floor was hard, it was quite warm and dry. After being entertained by a radio, provided by the

Cook-Sergt., Sergt. Watts, the men turned in at 2215 hours.

On the morning of the 5th June, Reveille was again at 0500 hours, and the Squadron moved off at 0700 hours, proceeding along Highway No. 8, with St. Catharines as their objective. A watering halt was made at Beamsville, and although some hilly country was encountered making it necessary to dismount and lead, the Squadron arrived at their bivouac in St. Catharines at 1220 hours. Through the courtesy of the St. Catharines Riding and Driving Club, the facilities of that organization were placed at the disposal of the R.C.D., and the horses were comfortably stabled in bright airy stables. Here again, some rain fell during the early evening, and the men "camped" in the stables, alongside or behind their horses. The usual afternoon routine was carried out, and in the evening some of the men availed themselves of the swimming pool at the local Y.M.C.A. while others did the usual "rounds" of the local hotels, and there are more of them in St. Catharines than in Oakville. The sleeping accommodation was quite comfortable and those who did not venture into the city turned in early.

The usual Reveille was sounded at 0500 hours on June 6th, and with only a short march ahead of them, the men were cheerful, and even the horses seemed to sense that the end of the march was near. Moving along the main highway until about two miles from Camp, the troops made fast time, arriving at Niagara Camp at 0840 hours, a distance of about ten miles, and in a short time the horses were on the horse-lines, or in the stables, and the men were fixing up their tents. R.H.Q. arrived some twenty minutes later, followed by the Regimental Transport.

The entire march was well conducted, and the pace throughout was exceptionally good. Messing arrangements were well handled, and a meal was ready at each halt as soon as the men were ready for it. The fact that casualties were few and far between speaks well for the march discipline which was observed by all ranks during the entire march.

In conclusion we take this opportunity of thanking one of the best friends of the Regiment, Chevalier Victor Gianelli, for his great kindness and assistance to us on the entire line of march. His loyalty and thoughtfulness are never forgotten by the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

CANADIAN NATIONAL TELEGRAPHS

Secretary,
Buckingham Palace,
London, England.

2nd May, 1935.

All ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons desire to convey to His Majesty their Colonel-in-Chief, their congratulations and devotions on the occasion of his Jubilee.

Officer Commanding,
Royal Canadian Dragoons.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TELEGRAPHS

Buckingham Palace, London,
1158 May 3.

NLT. Officer Commanding
Royal Canadian Dragoons Toronto

As Colonel in Chief I have received with much pleasure your loyal message of congratulations for which I heartily thank all ranks.

George R.I. Colonel-in-Chief.

The Secretary,
Buckingham Palace,
London, England.

The Old Comrades Association of the Royal Canadian Dragoons assembled at their Annual Re-union desire to convey to His Majesty their congratulations on the occasion of his Jubilee, and to express their continued loyalty and devotion to their Colonel-in-Chief.

Officer Commanding
Royal Canadian Dragoons.

GOVERNOR GENERAL'S TRAIN
CANADA

Sir:

His Excellency the Governor-General is commanded by The King to convey to the members of your association the following message:

"The King sincerely thanks Old Comrades Association Royal Canadian Dragoons, assembled at their Annual Re-union, for their loyal message of congratulations and good wishes addressed to their Colonel-in-Chief.

Yours faithfully,

The President,
Old Comrades Association,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Toronto.

(Sd.) A. Lascelles,
Secretary to the Governor General.



The Musical Ride



Trumpet-Major and Sergeant

BUCHAN'S TRIBUTE TO KING GEORGE

The contribution of John Buchan, new Governor-General of Canada, to the literature of the Jubilee Year, "The King's Grace," was published here today.

The book is a striking tribute to King George V, his personality, and his work for the nation and the Empire throughout the 25 years of his reign.

"His quick sympathy and kindness have warmed the country and done something to warm a chilly world. When nerves have been breaking, his steadfastness has restored them, and when strife was fermenting he has spoken healing words," writes Buchan.

"The power of the throne lies in what it is, but the authority of the King lies both in what he is, and in what he has done. With Queen Mary and his family to aid him, he has made Great Britain not only a nation but a household.

"Leadership does not exist only in a strong man imposing his will upon others. In a far profounder sense the King has shown himself the leader, since the true task of leadership is not to put greatness into humanity but to elicit it since greatness is already there.

"That truth is the basis of all religion. It is the only justification for democracy. It is the chart and compass of our normal life. The King is today far more a peoples' King than when an Edward or a Henry returned in triumph from French wars.

"Since Tudor times the phrase has been The King's Majesty. Today an older form of words is more fitting, The King's Grace. The King is of no class, being above classes. He is as much akin to the worker in the mine and to the labourer in the field as he is to the highest nobility."

(Extract from Mail and Empire, Toronto, Ont., April 4th, 1935.)

THE MONTREAL HORSE SHOW

On Saturday, June 18th, the Montreal Horse Show was held at the Hunt Club Grounds. The Regiment was represented by the following officers of "A" Squadron: Lt.-Col. Caldwell, Capt. C. C. Mann, Lieut. J. H. Larocque and Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick. Capt. Stuart C. Bate and Mr. J. C. O'Connell judged the events and

the duties of Ringmaster were performed by Sgt.-Maj. F. H. Harding, R.C.D. Probably the most outstanding performance by the Officers of the Regiment was made in the Open Jumping Event when four of the first five places were won by horses from the Cavalry Barracks.

The following are the results of the classes in which the "A" Sqn. Officers participated:

OPEN JUMPING

- 1st General Mex, ridden by Fred Porter.
- 2nd Golden Melody, owned by Lt.-Col. Caldwell and ridden by his son Dick.
- 3rd Vingt-Six, ridden by Lieut. J. H. Larocque.
- 4th Peggy McNeil, ridden by Capt. C. C. Mann.
- 5th River, ridden by Capt. C. C. Mann.

HUNTERS:

- 1st Bachelor's Gold, ridden by Mrs. A. T. Patterson.
- 2nd Peggy McNeil, ridden by Capt. C. C. Mann.
- 3rd Peter Whiffle, ridden by Mrs. A. O. Mackay.
- 4th Golden Melody, ridden by Dick Caldwell.

HANDY PERFORMANCE CLASS:

- 1st Moonshine, ridden by Mrs. James W. Duncan.
- 2nd Vingt-Six, ridden by Lieut. J. H. Larocque.
- 3rd Peggy McNeil, ridden by Capt. C. C. Mann.

HUNT TEAMS OF THREE:

- 1st G. L. Ogilvie.
- 2nd Mrs. A. O. Mackay.
- 3rd Montreal Hunt.
- 4th The Officers, "A" Sqn. Capt. C. C. Mann, Lieut. J. H. Larocque, and Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick.

PAIRS OF JUMPERS:

- 1st The Officers, "A" Sqn. R.C.D. Capt. C. C. Mann, and Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick.
- 2nd Montreal Hunt.
- 3rd The Officers, "A" Sqn. R.C.D. Lieuts. Larocque and Berwick.

BEST BOY RIDER UNDER 18 YEARS:

- 1st Golden Melody, ridden by Dick Caldwell.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES—TORONTO

We welcome to our fold this month a new member, Farr. Sgt. J. Martin, who was appointed to that rank a short time ago.

* * *

Sgt. "Joe" Martin has taken over the duties of Mess Dispenser for the month of April.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to Sgt. "Jack" Siggins, who has been awarded the Canadian Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct (Military).

* * *

The Annual Ball of the Mess was held at the King Edward Hotel on Friday evening, April 5th, over 500 people being in attendance. Judging from the compliments paid the event proved a brilliant success.

The reception room was tastefully decorated with regimental colours and cut flowers, and refreshments proved all that could be desired. Music was furnished by Wal. Bromby and his band and as usual kept the happy throng on the move during the whole evening.

Among the many guests present were: Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., O.C. R.C.D.; Major and Mrs. W. Baty, Captain and Mrs. G. F. Berteau, Capt. and Mrs. S. C. Bate, Lieuts. A. P. Ardagh, H. A. Phillips, J. D. B. Smith, D. A. R. Bradshaw, R.C.D. Major and Mrs. K. M. Holloway, Major and Mrs. W. Neilson, Lieut. M. P. Bogert, R.C.R. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. L. C. Goodeve, Major and Mrs. W. J. Home, Major and Mrs. H. T. May, Colonel and Mrs. C. H. Hill, Captain and Mrs. F. F. Worthington, Major and Mrs. P. Hennessy, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. C. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cameron, Major and Mrs. I. C. Ellard, Lieut. and Mrs. T. Atkins, Major and Mrs. N. Medhurst, Colonel and Mrs. R. Rhoades, Major and Mrs. E. A. Steer, Major and Mrs. F. Wilkes, Lieut. and Mrs. Eric Acland, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Petman, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Carroll, Miss Dorothy MacSherry, Mr. E. M. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Betts, Major and Mrs. W. C. Butles, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Mara, Chevalier V. Gianelli, Miss Adele Gianelli, Col. W. G. Reilly, Dr. W. H. Nelson and a host of others.

* * *

We bid au revoir to two of our members at this time, in the persons of S.M.I. "Johnny" Dowdell and Sgt. "Tom" Jackson. It is not necessary to recall their services as both are well known to all members of the regiment. I am sure we all join in wishing them success and long life in civilian life.

* * *

A very enjoyable smoker was held in their honour at which we had the pleasure of having Colonel Timmis as a guest. A very pleasant repast was served, after which presentations with accompanying well wishing, was made by the Commanding Officer. It is hoped that we will see much of these old timers in the future.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to A/Sgt. (Cook) J. A. Watts who was recently confirmed in that rank.

A/Sgt. P. "Joe" Martin is also to be congratulated in his elevation to Provost Sergeant, taking over the reins from Sgt. Jackson, discharged to pension.

* * *

QMSI. J. MacLean has just completed arduous duties in connection with a Provisional School of Cavalry at Hamilton, Ont.

* * *

Sgt. Instr. "Paddy" Costello has had a mechanical turn of mind and is now driving a swanky little bus. Keep to the right, Paddy.

* * *

QMS. Oliver, SQMS. Gilmore and Sgt. Siggins represented the Mess at a dinner of the Scots Fusiliers at Kitchener, Ont. All report the usual good time.

* * *

We were all surprised to see ex-S.M. "Friday" Ackerman back in "Toronto the Good". He looks exceptionally well and hopes to see us often.

* * *

Lieut. R. C. Burlingham (L.S.H.), Secretary of Post 160 Canadian Legion, Wellington, Ont., wishes to be remembered to members of the Mess, no doubt many know this officer.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES—ST. JOHNS

On Saturday, April 27th, 1935, a farewell smoker was held in honour of QMS. W. T. C. Ellis, who is retiring to pension.

S.M.I. F. C. Cox acted as chairman, and those present at the smoker included Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell, Lt. J. H. Larocque, QMSI. J. M. Hallett, QMSI. E. J. Manning, SS.M.I. F. W. Harding, Sqn.S.M. T. Sheehy, SQMS. J. E. Desnoyers, S Sgt. J. Britt, Sgt. Inst. G. Simpkin, Sgts. G. Henderson, R. Blake, R. Hider, E. Boucher, H. Swarbrick, W. Jewkes, D. Gardner, CSM. S. Rayner, Sgt. H. Bond, "D" Coy., The R.C.R. Honorary Members: Messrs. B. Riggs, T. Pugh, C. Thompson, G. Wally, C. Watson, W. Cameron, H. Bourassa, E. Menard, C. Latour, J. M. Labelle, L. G. Gage, H. Booth, E. Phaneuf, W. Nethercutt, C. Maxwell, G. Powell, W. G. Sawyer, W. Rickaby.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES—ST. JOHNS

At 9.00 p.m. all those in attendance went into the dance hall, where the smoker was held. Sqn. S.M. T. Sheehy, CSM. S. Rayner, S/Sgt. J. Britt, Sgt. W. Jewkes, and a few honorary members rendered songs which were well appreciated by all. Then our old friend "Nobby" was called upon to sing one of his favorite songs, but none were satisfied until he gave his own version of "Would you mind passing the salt."

The Chairman then asked Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell to present a little token of remembrance to QMS. W. T. C. Ellis (a silver combination Tea and Coffee Set) on behalf of the members of "A" Sqn., R.C.D. Sergeants' Mess. Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell reminded those present of different incidents which happened during QMS. W. Ellis' service. "Nobby's" reply to the C.O.'s speech was quite humorous and well appreciated by everybody.

Mr. T. Pugh, our oldest Honorary Member (45 years' honorary membership in the Sergeants' Mess) on behalf of the Honorary Members presented "Nobby" with a gold watch. This called for more speeches but our Chairman decided it was time that the "Frontenac Breweries" did some entertaining, so the waiters were called to do their duties which they well performed.

QMS. C. Ellis then presented the "A" Sqn. R.C.D. Sergeants' Mess with a beautiful lamp. (Three old rifles held together by a brass band, backsight to backsight; at the muzzles a stand for a socket and a lamp had been fixed to hold a shade. A brass plate with the date and the name of the donor has been placed near the piling swivels). This lamp now stands in a prominent place in the ante-room of the Sergeants' Mess.

QMS. W. T. C. Ellis joined the regiment in 1913. He went overseas with The R.C.D. in 1914 and returned in 1919. He re-engaged in Toronto in June, 1919. As "A" Sqn. R.C.D. was moved to St. Johns, P.Q., in January, 1920, Nobby came down here as Orderly Room Sergeant, an employment he occupied until his retirement to Pension in April, 1935.

"Nobby" was always a good mixer—his help was invaluable at all Squadron Sporting and Social events. He was particularly interested in Boxing and put on some memorable shows in the Gym at Cavalry Barracks. He had quite a flair

for the theatre and will be remembered by members of the unit as "Dr. Cutemup." In this sketch he was ably assisted by Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

"Nobby" excelled at Smokers: His "P.C. 49," "Little Drops of Gin," and "Would you mind passing the salt." were in demand at all affairs of this nature.

For his many endearing qualities, "Nobby" will always be dear in our memory. We wish both he and his charming wife every success in the future. E.B.

POLO, 1935

MASTERS' SHIELD

1934, WON BY R.C.D.

1935, WON BY CAVALRY.

The indoor polo season at Eglinton Hunt Club started at the end of January. The R.C.D. Officers playing this year were Captain S. C. Bate, Lieut. H. A. Phillips, and Lieut. D. A. R. Bradshaw. Lieut. J. D. B. Smith, being at Camp Borden, was unable to play. Lieut. R. C. Clarke, The R.C.R., was also welcomed into the fold this year, and played regularly until he also went into the wilds of the north on a School. The pony situation as usual was in a dire state. "Maple" was there as the foundation, with "Topsail," B.54, and a mare called "Vixen." After the first day or so, B.54 was sent back to Barracks as somehow she failed to appreciate the finer points of the game. Before very long "Topsail" was also retired as being unfit to play—he was under the impression that racing was much more fun than polo, then "Vixen" left, and the string was reduced to "Maple."

As a result of this shortage, by the time the Masters' Shield matches came along, it was impossible to put in a Regimental team, and so a Cavalry team was entered, consisting of Major A. G. Cameron, G.G.B.G.; Lieut. H. A. Phillips, R.C.D.; and Lieut. D. Fitzgerald, G.G.B.G. There were only two other teams entered in the Shield competition, also due to pony shortage and they consisted of (A) A. W. Miles, J. H. Crang, and W. Fleury; and (B) G. Gayford, A. Smith and D. Hunter. All teams had exactly the same handicap, so were playing on an even basis.

However, as these things sometimes turn out, the tables were reversed. In the first match, the "B" team beat the "A" team by 7 goals to 5. In the second match, Cavalry beat "B" team 7 goals to 4, and in the third match, Cavalry beat "A", 5 goals to 3. Without undue boasting it must be admitted that Cavalry played much better combination and team work, and deserved to win the Shield on the strength of it. They took advantage of the breaks of the game, and started in to score right from the beginning, and then protected their lead by smart defensive play. Of the 12 goals scored by the team, Lieut. Phillips scored 6, Major Cameron 5, and Lieut. Fitzgerald, 1.

Once again special mention must be made of that grand old pony "Maple." Twenty-two years old, and still one of the best playing ponies that one could wish for. Although he sustained a bad hit on the head from a polo mallet which almost knocked him out half-way through the season, he continued playing as well as ever. This is the fourth winning team he has been on: ridden by Captain Hammond in 1931; on a Ladies' Team in 1932; and ridden by Lieut. H. A. Phillips in 1934 and 1935. A Real Horse.

Next year we hope to have an R.C.D. team entered once again, and also to have their name on the shield. In the meantime, we still look for ponies. H.A.P.

CRICKET AS IS.

(Extract from the *Victoria Times*.)

The following article was taken from the comments of a visitor from Texas, to Victoria, B.C., during the cricket season.

Having arrived, he tries to find his way to a cricket game:

"Say, mister," I says, to a respectable looking citizen all rigged out in golf fixings, "can you direct me to the ball park?" Now, what was wrong with that question? That citizen looked at me as if I had asked him for the crown jewels. "I'm aiming to see you folks play your cricket," I explained.

"Well, sir, we got established right away after that. The icy stare melted and my new friend came quite a bit out of his way to put me on the right road. Real friendly you Britishers can be once you clear the first fence. I had come with a pocketful of chicken-feed to pay

my way to the gate, but it appears that your games are free. Believe me, you need a good manager here; you won't get rich quick that way, although to judge by the empty benches around the diamond, you write and talk about cricket a lot more than you support it.

"The game was well started when I took my seat on an almost empty bench, and proceeded to size up the situation. You sure have got the prettiest lot for the game. Those great trees all around, the robins pecking around in the green grass, the scent of honeysuckle and roses from the gardens—why, down our way, we would charge heavily for this.

"But, Oh, the silence: There were your players doing their best with the bat, making home runs or what have you, every once in a while; young fellows running like steers and looking as though they liked it, but never a murmur from the benches or the pavilion. But no, that's not quite true either. Every so often some guy would take a hefty whack at the ball, and do his best to make good time between the bases, but, did he get a cheer? Not on your life. The best the fans could do was call: "Run it out, Go on, Run it out," in a tired polite sort of murmur. Times when a player got his—I never could quite make out what gave him the gate—the fans would give him a few claps, but there was no real joy about it. Boy, have you never seen a real ball game? The sort you can hear three miles away? I'll own up right now, that this game takes some understanding. I'm still in the dark as to what it is all about, though I sat solid on a hard bench for four mortal hours, not counting a tea interval. One or two points I mastered easily. A ball socked out of bounds is equivalent to a home run, but in this game there were not many of these. The score seems to add up mostly by ones and twos, which takes quite a time to make a hundred.

"One funny thing happened that I still do not understand. The pitcher sent down a fast one, which the batter stopped just right, sending it clear out of the lot, into the yard of the little honeysuckle house. A fellow sitting on my bench, and who up to now, had sat as if he were dead and was only waiting to be removed, opened his eyes and whispered: 'Oh, well hit, Sir.' I threw up my hat and yelled 'Attababy, 'ats a slogging 'em'. It seemed to me that we were all warming up at last, and from now on might

expect a little action and enthusiasm, and I turned to the resurrected corpse beside me to tell him so. But he was looking at me out of one sleepy eye as though I were something stale left on a fish dealer's slab, so the conversation perished for a time.

"And the next moment the player who had made the record hit got a nasty whack on the ankle from another fast ball. Well, sir, believe it or not, instead of just jumping around and swearing a bit, like a real he-man, what does that quitter do but walk right off the diamond and head for the pavilion. 'Well now lookit,' says I to my neighbour, 'What's he quitting for? Can't he take it?' My comatose friend opened one eye again and muttered something that sounded like 'elbow doubled' and promptly fell asleep again. I don't say but what there may be something in your national game. There must be, or you would not go on playing it. I saw everything from schoolboys to elderly fellows playing, so I guess it's a game for the die-hards.

"Me, I'm only a hobo passing along, seeing the sights, and I guess I can't afford to give the next thirty or forty years to studying cricket rules. But I'm glad I went to a ball game in Canada. I seem to understand you Britishers better now. If you do take your pleasures sadly, you get all the enjoyment you expect out of it. I like the slow way you walk out to the diamond as if you had all the time there is. It's so darned restful, some players drag their bats, others go along pulling on a mitt, some hustle a bit as if the time had come to speed things up a bit, and then they spend the next five minutes digging a hole for the bat to nestle in as if they were never going to use the darned thing at all.

"And when a fellow's out, he starts the long drag back to the benches, still dragging his bat, and walking dignified, while the cold icy silence, and the same icy contempt from the fans fairly freeze the atmosphere. It seems to me that cricket must either make or break a man. There can be no happy medium."

H.A.P.

HERE AND THERE.

We are very proud of our new cover, and we know that under New Management, the "Goat" in bound to flourish—naturally we are continuing with our Agony Column, for we expect some

difficulty in filling up space for the first issue or two—and our staff of Highly Trained and Loyal Cub Reporters have been rushing in and out of our tent ever since our arrival in Dear Old Niagara (very much in-the-Mud, at present) bearing all manner of strange tales, and not a little scandal thrown in—for instance: 'tis reported that the strain of a heavy winter's harpooning has at last taken toll of Joe Willis, and he is suffering from a "Harpoon fracture of the right wrist" in the Camp Hospital—this means that he has to do all his "lowering" with the left hand, which caused him to pour some of the contents into his left ear as he was never ambidexterous (thanks)—congratulations to Sad Sam of First Troop, who has done a little towards re-arming Canada for the next war if it doesn't come before the coming of age—and a loud beat on the kettle drum for John L. of No. 2 Troop, who has been posted to the Cadre—while we are in such a mellow mood (we are dodging Stables to write this), we will give a hearty clap of the cymbals for the whole Squadron who made the annual trek to Camp a real "holiday-at-duty"—after an absence of some years we again mounted a horse at Toronto, and with sundry halts and stops, including a tricky bit of "hill-billying" at the Credit River, finally finished up in Camp, and with a sore *foot* (for a change)—we certainly enjoyed the Ride, and we were quite thrilled when a bevy of photographers visited us at Oakville—accidents were few and the only one that affected us was the one which caused us to bunk in the vicinity of Hughie of No. 2, at Winona, and who kept us awake (when the hard floor didn't) with his sardonic wit and puny puns—certainly some people have an overtrained sense of humour, but maybe he hadn't recovered from laughing at John, who attained heights of efficiency never before observed on any line of march—of course, everything wasn't exactly perfect, but then nobody wanted things to be, for instance, the fried eggs for breakfast that caught fire every time they were placed near the "furnace" (courtesy of Jim Crowe) and the barrel that was opened while we were at Stables at Winona, and the Non-Com. (No. 1) who saddled the wrong horse at St. Catharines, and then said "Who in tarnation has off-saddled my horse"—our arrival at St. Catharines was the signal for most of the juvenile population to turn out, with offers of

assistance of all kinds, and we noticed several Sweet Young Things displaying great interest in Fergie, who was having a bath in a bucket, and they were not at all shocked—a large delegation visited Oakville, and the local taverns "did" a banner trade, although there were many dark looks being worn the following day and one had to be careful what one said, and to whom one spoke—we noticed that the Transport Drivers also were looking black, as they arrived at each halt—probably it was because the barrel was almost empty, eh Stratt?—during the last few days in Barracks, we heard a rumour (via the grape vine method) that the Gravel-Crushers had enlisted Jesse Owens, and Ralph Metcalfe, and were also writing to Jack Lovelock with a view to taking him on—this naturally caused us to lose a little hair off the near fore, as we wondered whether they wanted a complete section of Wilsons', or was it just in search of company for Platoon—however, we were consoled after arriving in Camp, when we noticed "B" Coy. undergoing their usual afternoon bed-exercises in a very usual manner, and so we hasten to predict a victory for the Drags in the line of sports—especially since "B" Coy. are going to Ottawa for a month or so—and speaking of Gravel-Crushers, we arrived in Barracks one night in time to welcome a delegation from St. Johns, Que., who were motoring through—Bingham, who apparently was the ring-leader, asked us in very pidgin French, if we could accommodate them for the night, and as the stables were full, we fixed them up in the Barrack Rooms—it was nice to see Bing. again, and we hope he got back to St. Johns before the freeze-up—Charlie Meeker (as usual) overtook the Ride at St. Catharines, but he gave no reason for the lateness of his arrival—we presume that he had to Halt at every hotel to attend to his carburetor—it was nice to see him and his pals—the chain-letter craze blew through Barracks, and we are glad to state that it paused long enough for us to get our buck back, so anything else we may collect will be clear profit, after deducting 6 cents for postage—and we want to remind our readers that we are always open for suggestions, even if the joke is on us, so don't forget to whisper in our ear whenever you hear of anything "hot"—the first night in Camp, there were so many Regimental Blazers in the village that several of the local "souses"

went on the wagon for life—having seen Rube (2) in white flannels, and a rather wrinkled shirt which he apparently carried round by road in a spare nose-bag, and Egbert, also sporting the new blazer (a smart piece of work, by the way) together with Alvin the *Un-faithful* (3) and "Alice" similarly togged out, making their way down to the village, we hastily packed away our pale blue palm beach suit in which we had hoped to "knock-'em-cold," and resigned from the field—the attack of the above mentioned quartette, together with the fact that N. "Several Ws" Powers, has been over here for a month, has brought home to us the fact that there can be nothing left to conquer, and so we are transferring our scene of Operations to Virgil—we are told that quite a number of the Elder Braves (3) have been frequenting a Communist Beverage Room in St. Catharines, and on their last trip, after spending some time within the portals of the above-mentioned B.R. they made their way to show—the following day we canvassed each and every of them, as to what the show was like; George (ABCD) said: "I fell asleep half-way through it," Nick said: "I'd rather not say," Norm: "The part I saw wasn't bad," while "Fanny," the most intelligent one of the lot said: "What Show?"—on the first Saturday in Camp, we sneaked down to the Dance, to view the mass formation of Blazers, and we saw—George (1) throwing his feet around with rare abandon on the floor—Alvin, looking in vain for the moon, as he put an Indian Death-Lock on his partner—Harry (Albert Henry) in a very black blue shirt and yellow tie laying down his feet in a very determined manner, and Rube (2) whom we had expected to see with the Belle of the Village, leaning over the edge from the outside, evidently waiting for someone to drop two-bits—other celebrities on hand, but taking no part in the festivities were "Alice" (also alone????), "Yap" Stagg, who with B. S. Reilly was making determined efforts to get acquainted, and a veritable host of others whom we could not recognize owing to the similarity of their "ensembles"—however, they tell us that the season hasn't really started, so it might be a good idea for "Rube" to wait at the highway and try and make a "contact" with someone coming in—the Militia Course has started, and with Albert Henry as O.C., Attached Officers' Servants, some action is promised in the near future

—as a trial exposure, or to take the place of a Signal Practice, he had his men do some very delicate work with the tent-floors by moving them from tent to tent before moving them back to their original location—we asked Joe what it was all about, and he said it was to keep them on their mettle for handling baggage when the Officers arrived—later in the afternoon, we saw the first arrivals, arriving with something that looked remarkably like a grand piano, and all the Attached Officers' Servants promptly went to the rear, leaving Joe (bad hand and all) to do the unloading—needless to say, the A.O.S.'s all returned after the load had been transferred to the tents—with the arrival in Camp of the N.P.A.M., many of the braves will have to forfeit their daily rides for a week or two—while we know that this will surely break some of their hearts, or at least dent them a trifle, if any of them have to sit down as gracefully (and gradually) as we do, they won't mind so much, and the sting will be removed as it were—having checked this with our Office Boy (Oscar to you), and finding that we have overstepped our word space; we have to conclude rather abruptly—in case this should finish in the middle of a sentence, you can look for the remainder in the next issue—we now go to remove our undershirt, since it has been decreed that "Undershirts will not be worn to Stables," and with a final shiver, as we pull the blankets over our head, we will say "S'long and See Ya in October" (What a break for the Readers). J.B.H.

CAVALRY STILL HELPFUL

Washington, D.C., April 23 (AP).

War horses will not be missing from the field of battle in the "next" war.

Despite the army's motorization and mechanization programme, replacing many horses with armoured scout and combat cars General Douglass MacArthur, Chief of Staff, assured the House and Senate military committees that old-time cavalry is still necessary.

"Motorization and mechanization permit rapid concentration of troops on the battlefield," Gen. MacArthur said in outlining the "machine age war" programme, "but after you reach the battlefield, the fastest element is the man on a horse. Our programme is to obtain a balance so that we can move large commands under

cover of darkness, 100 or 200 miles in a night, ready for battle. We are progressive, but not radical. We are not discarding the horse. He still has certain important uses in an army."

Maj.-General Leon. B. Kromer, Chief of Cavalry, disclosed that the army is now undertaking tests to determine the proper proportion of horses to motorized and mechanized cavalry. A recent practise "march" of the first mechanized cavalry from Fort Knox, Ky., to Fort Riley, Kan., is expected to be repeated in the near future to check all data.

Modernized tactics are under continual study at the cavalry school at Fort Riley.

"The old, slow, escort wagons, carrying feed and supplies, have been replaced by modern trucks, greatly increasing mobility," General Kromer reported. "Each regiment of horse cavalry has also been strengthened by the addition of six scout cars. For long distance reconnaissance purposes, the scout cars have added greatly to the efficiency of the regiment, speeded up movement and saved wear and tear on horseflesh."

The cavalry now has 7,027 horses.

SPORTS "A" SQUADRON, R.C.D.

Station "ABCKS", St. Jean, P.Q., is about to broadcast the results of sporting activities in that very sporting centre.

SOFTBALL

The Softball League opened with the Flashy Third Troop taking the field against the Dark Horses of Second Troop. The Third took a liking to Vic Jewkes' pitching to the tune of seven runs in the first four innings, while the Second Troop could only muster a couple. However, in the fifth inning, Jewkes started bearing down, and his team got to Home for four runs. In the last of the seventh, and with two out, "Flash" Haskett on third, Smith smacked a line drive to "Bobby" Blake, who could not quite make a play, and Smith was credited with a Home Run, and this was enough to give Second Troop the game by the score of 8 to 7.

First Troop, making their initial appearance, defeated Second Troop by the score of 22 to 4. This game was featured by the pitching of Hamilton, who had twelve strike-outs to his credit, and by some very loose fielding by the

2nd Troop infield. "Eddy" Boucher showed the "young soldiers" that he is just as young as ever regarding sporting activities.

The third game of the League brought Third Troop and 1st Troop together, and this game was finally won by the Third by a 10 to 9 score. The game was very close for four innings, when both teams trotted out their heavy artillery, and with "Jimmy" Hone walking two, the score was 9 to 4 for the first, at the end of the 5th. However, in the last of the seventh, Third Troop came to life, and aided by some rather wild pitching by Hamilton, chalked up 6 runs to win the game 10 to 9.

The results of other games were as follows:

2nd Troop 15—3rd Troop 14.

2nd Troop 17—1st Troop 7.

3rd Troop 8—1st Troop 1.

"Eddy" Boucher's home run in the game against Second Troop was picked up about 350 feet from the Home Plate.

"Jubilee Joe" played a good game at first base for 1st Troop, but wasn't so "hot" as an umpire "against" Third Troop.

"Bobby" Blake is in strict training to get his waist line down, as he has been threatened with being "farmed" out.

"Ace" Carpenter has not started to hit yet, and has ordered a pair of sun glasses.

The Third Troop are out scouting for a new shortstop to replace "Dizzy Dean" who has gone "haywire" since he with his troopers beat the "Non. Coms." by a score of 15 to 14.

NAMES OF THE TROOP PLAYERS

1ST TROOP	2ND TROOP
Lieut. J. H. Larocque	Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick
Sgt. Boucher	Corpl. Quartly
Cpl. Lawrence	L. Cpl. Gell
" Jewkes	Tpr. Carter
Tpr. Forgrave	" Doherty
" Marshall	" Dunk
" Roberts	" Haskett
" Rowe	" Lewis
" Heymans	" McArane
Pte. Hamilton, RCAMS.	" Smith
	Cpl. Gauthro, R.C.E.

3RD TROOP

Capt. C. C. Mann
Sgt. Blake
Corpl. Russell
L/Cpl. Hone
Tpr. Carpenter
" de Lessleuc
" Morrill
" Rouleau
" Thompson
Boy. Hider
Cpl. Johnston, R.C.A.M.S.

EXTRACTS FROM PART II. ORDERS PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS AND QUALIFICATIONS

No. 67, d 23-4-35.

No. 1567 Tpr. J. H. Davidson. "B".

Having terminated his period of engagement is struck off strength with effect 21-4-35, vide K.R. Can. 386 (xix).

Character on Discharge—Exemplary.

No. 70, d 29-4-35.

No. 2 S.M.I. (W.O.1) J. H. Dowdell. "I.C."

Having terminated his period of engagement is struck off strength (Instr. Cadre) with effect 29-4-35, vide K.R. Can. 386 (xix).

Character on Discharge—Exemplary.

No. 13 Sergt. T. Jackson. "R.H.Q."

Having terminated his period of engagement is struck off strength with effect 29-4-35, vide K.R. Can. 386 (xix).

Character on Discharge—Exemplary.

No. 71, d 30-4-35.

No. 1577 Tpr. P. J. Lennon. "B."

Having purchased his discharge in accordance with K.R. Can. 386 (viii), is struck off strength with effect 30-4-35.

Character on Discharge—Good.

No. 72, d 1-5-35.

No. 573 Cpl. A. Sgt. P. Martin. "B."

Promoted to the rank of Sergeant (Provost), with pay, vice No. 13 Sergt. T. Jackson, struck off strength, with effect 30-4-35, and is transferred from "B" Sqn. to R.H.Q., with effect the same date.

No. 1626 Tpr. Frederick Phillip Briggs.

Having been attested for a period of three years is taken on strength with effect 30-4-35 and is posted to "B" Sqn., with effect the same date.

No. 73, d 2-5-35.

No. 1627 Boy. William Argyle Robertson.

Having been attested for a period of three years, is taken on strength with effect 30-4-35, and is posted to "B" Squadron, with effect the same date.

No. 1628 Tpr. William Joseph Noel Donovan.

Having been attested for a period of three years, is taken on strength, with effect 1-5-35,

and is posted to "B" Squadron, with effect the same date.

No. 1447 A/Corpl. F. N. Stafford. "B."

Confirmed in the rank of Corporal with pay, vice No. 573 Corpl. P. Martin, promoted Sergeant, with effect 30-4-35

No. 1550 L/Corpl. H. W. Price "B."

Promoted to the acting rank of Corporal with pay, vice No. 1447 A/Corpl. F. N. Stafford, confirmed in rank, with effect 30-4-35.

No. 74 d/7-5-35.

No. 1563 Tpr. E. A. Baldwin. "B."

Appointed to the acting rank of Corporal (without pay) whilst employed in charge of Regimental Transport, under the provisions of K.R. Can. 235, with effect 1-5-35.

No. 1474 A/L Cpl. H. W. Searle. "B."

Appointed Lance Corporal with pay, vice No. 1550 L/Cpl. H. W. Price, promoted to acting rank of Corporal, with effect 30-4-35.

No. 81 d/18-5-35.

No. 1600 A/Sergt. J. A. C. Watts. "R.H.Q."

Confirmed in rank of Sergeant Cook, with effect this date.

No. 85 d/27-5-35.

No. 1570 Tpr. R. G. Mackie. "B."

Having terminated his period of engagement, is struck off strength with effect 24-5-35, vide K.R. Can. 386 (xix).

Character on Discharge—Exemplary.

No. 1629 Tpr. Ellerton Joseph Reilly.

Having been attested for a period of three years, is taken on strength and posted to "B" Squadron, with effect 25-5-35.

No. 87 d/29-5-35.

No. 238 Sergt. J. Langley. "B."

Appointed to the Instructional Cadre on probation for one year, with effect 30-4-35, vice No. 2 SMI. J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D. (I.C.), discharged to pension.

Auth. H.Q. 548-1-11 Vol. 8 d/22-5-35.

No. 839 Cpl. A/Sgt. W. Jewkes. "A."

Appointed to the acting rank of Sergeant, with pay, vice No. 238 Sergt. J. Langley, "B" Sqn. R.C.D., appointed to the Instructional Cadre, with effect 30-4-35.

No. 49 d/5-4-35.

No. 125 SMI. T. A. Aisthorpe, "R.C.D."
D.C.M., M.M.

Granted furlough pending discharge to pension from April 17th to June 16th, 1935, with permission to travel abroad.

No. 51 d/10-4-35.

No. 916 L/Cpl. J. F. Watson. "A."

Appointed Acting Corporal (without pay), with effect from 10th April, 1935.

No. 55 d/24-4-35.

No. 1063 Tpr. A. Fournier. "A."

Appointed Acting Lance Corporal (without pay), whilst employed as Officers' Mess Steward, with effect 20-5-35.

No. 57 d/1-5-35.

No. 1066 L/Cpl. (unpaid) J. H. Hone. "A."

To be Lance Corporal with pay, with effect 30-4-35.

No. 66 d/16-5-35.

The following Other Ranks classified as signallers, with effect 13th May, 1935.

No. 1066 L/Corpl. J. H. C. Hone. "A."

No. 1041 Trooper B. de Leseleuc. "A."

No. 1066 L/Corpl. J. H. C. Hone. "A."

Awarded 1st G. C. Badge, with effect 1-2-34.

No. 71 d/31-5-35.

No. 1046 Trooper J. P. Wendon. "A."

Having purchased his discharge, is struck off strength, with effect 31-5-35. K.R. Can. 386 (viii).

Character on Discharge—Very Good.

No. 75 d/7-6-35.

No. 1080 Tpr. Alexander Ellis.

Having been attested for a period of three years, is taken on strength, with effect 1-6-35.

No. 77 d/10-6-35.

No. 102 QMS. (W.O.11) W. T. C. Ellis. "A."

Having been discharged to pension, is struck off strength "A" Sqn. R.C.D., with effect 10-6-35.

Character on Discharge—Exemplary.

No. 916 L. Cpl. (A/Cpl.) J. F. Watson. "A."

Promoted to the rank of Corporal, with pay, vice No. 839 Cpl. (A/Sgt.) W. Jewkes, appointed A/Sgt., with pay, with effect 30-4-35.

No. 916 Cpl. (With Pay) J. F. Watson. "A."

Promoted to the rank of Corporal (Orderly Room Clerk), to complete Establishment, "A" Sqn. R.C.D., vice No. 102 QMS. (W.O.11) W. T. C. Ellis, discharged to pension, with effect 10th June, 1935.

No. 1499 L/Cpl. (Unpaid) F. G. Hayes. "A."

Appointed Lance Corporal, with pay, vice No. 916 L/Cpl. (A/Cpl.) J. F. Watson, promoted to Corporal, with pay, with effect 30-4-35.

No. 1003 L/Cpl. V. W. Jewkes. "A."

Promoted Corporal, with pay, vice No. 916 Corpl. J. F. Watson, promoted Corporal (Orderly Room Clerk) with effect 10th June, 1935.

No. 1049 L/Corpl. (Unpaid) T. J. Gell. "A."

Appointed Lance-Corporal, with pay, vice No. 1003 L/Cpl. V. W. Jewkes, promoted Corporal, with effect 10th June, 1935.

No. 76 d/8-6-35.

No. 839 Cpl. A Sgt. W. Jewkes. "A."

Appointed to the Acting Rank of Sergeant, with pay, vice No. 238 Sergt. J. Langley, "B" Sqn. R.C.D., appointed to the Instructional Cadre, with effect 30-4-35.

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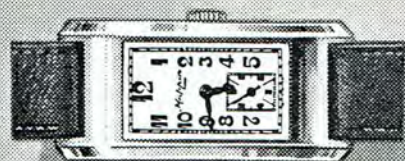
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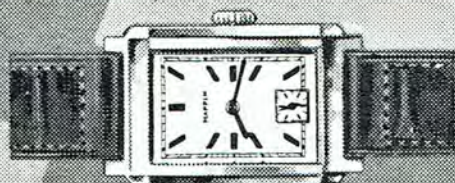
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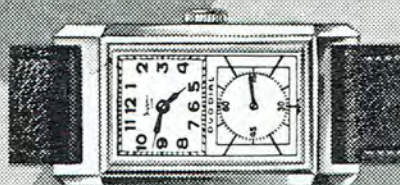
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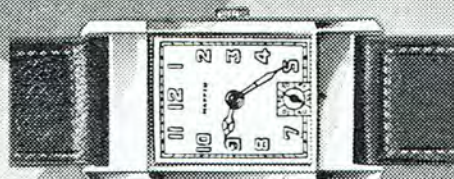
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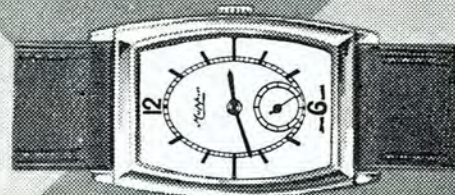
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